

*Hot.* My liege, I did denie no prisoners, but I remember when the fight was done, When I was drie with rage, and extreme toyle, Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my sword, Came there a certaine Lord, neat and grimly drest, Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reapt, Shewd like a stubble land at harvest home, He was perfum'd like a Milliner, And twist his finger and his thumbe he held. A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon He gaue his nose, and tookt away againe, Who therewith angry, when it next came there, Tooke it in suffice, and still he smild and talkt: And as the souldiours bore dead bodies by, He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmanerly, To bring a slouely vnhandsome carcase Betwixt the wild and his nobilitie, With many holy-day and ladie tearmes. He questioned me, amongst the rest demanded My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe. I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold, To be so pestred with a Popingay, Out of my grieve and my impatience, Answered neglectingly, I know not what, He should, or he should not, for he made me mad. To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweete, And talke so like a waiting gentlewoman, Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God saue the markes, And telling me, the foueraigne thing on earth, Was Pharmacie, for an inward bruise, And that it was great pitie, so it was, This villanous saltpreeter, should be digd Out of the bowels of the tharmeles earth, Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed, So cowardly, and but for these vile guns, He would himselfe haue bene a souldiour. This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord) I answered indirectly (as I said)

And

And I beseech you, let not this report Come currant for an accusation Betwixt my loue and your high maiestie. *Blunt.* The circumstance considered, good my lord, What e're *Harry Percy* then had said To such a person, and in such a place, At such a time, with all the rest retold, May reasonably die, and neuer rise To doe him wrong, or any way impeach What then he said, so he vnsway it now.

*King.* Why yet he doth denie his prisoners, But with prouiso and exception, That we at our owne charge shall ransom straight His brother in law, the foolish Mortimer, Who on my soule, hath wilfully betrayd The lines of those, that he did lead to fight Against that great Magitian, damned Glendower, Whose daughter as we heare, the Earle of March, Hath lately married; shall our coffers then Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home? Shall we buy treason? and indent with feares When they haue lost and forfeited themselves? No, on the barren mountaine let him starue: For I shall neuer hold that man my friend, Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost To ransom home reuolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Reuolted Mortimer? He neuer did fall off, my foueraigne liege, But by the chance of war: to proue that true Needs no more but one tongue: for all those wounds, Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke, When on the gentle *Seuerns* siedgie banke, In single opposition hand to hand, He did confound the best part of an houre, In changing hardiment with great Glendower, Three times they breathd, & three times did they drinke Vpon agreement of swift *Seuerns* floud, Who then affrighted with their bloudie lookes,

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